

band, Mrs. Grace returned to the police with a triumphant face.

"I told you so," she said. "My husband says he was shot by a burglar."

Which is exactly what her husband did say, when the police asked him about it again. He, too, became indignant at the idea that his wife should be suspected of shooting him.

"The idea of thinking that I ever said anything like that," he exclaimed.

Mrs. Grace was released on \$7,500 bond. She went home and shut herself up there, and refused to see any one, except one reporter, to whom she talked through a chink in the door.

"I love my husband," she said to this reporter. "He is dearer to me than life. How could I have shot him?"

"How could the bedroom door be locked on the outside, and why wasn't a physician sent for?" asked the reporter. But Mrs. Grace slammed the door in his face.

## WEATHER REPORT

### Brisk Winds. —

Unsettled weather and probably snow flurries tonight and Friday; somewhat lower temperature Friday; lowest tonight about 22 degrees above zero; moderate to brisk easterly winds tonight shifting to northwest Friday.



## SUFFRAGETTE DOPE TOO HOT TO PRINT

London, March 7.—Votes for Women, the official paper of the militant suffragettes, contains a number of blank pages today. And what was to fill those pages was the very news the women wanted to be published to the world.

Printers declared that the matter was too inflammatory. It would burn the paper. At any rate, they refused to set it, which accounts for the blank pages.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, for whom the police are looking, had written an editorial for the issue which was suppressed at the last moment. It had been given out to the newspapers, but for some reason the organization did not print it at this time.

Undismayed by the recent arrests, a crowd of the women invaded the fashionable shops in the vicinity of Buckingham palace and smashed a dozen large plate glass windows. Over a score of women were arrested.

Mrs. Eleanor Jacobs, wife of W. W. Jacobs, the author, was sentenced to one month at hard labor today in connection with the window smashing Monday.

### Too Dull For Bill.

"No," said Bill Squeezer, who was down from Heckville the other day. "No, I didn't go to Judge Podger's wedding. The notice said 'no cards,' and I'm darned if I can fool away a whole evening where there's no chance of a little four-bit ante."